

# THE BIRTHPLACE OF WOLFE

Westerham  
and its  
Associations

Price Sixpence net.

WOLFE MEMORIAL FUND.

HOOKER BROTHERS,  
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*Queen's University at Kingston*

# THE BIRTHPLACE OF WOLFE

WESTERHAM  
AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

By  
EDMUND VICKERSON.

*ILLUSTRATED  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.*

Printed for the  
Wolfe Memorial Fund.

HOOKE BROTHERS, "Herald" Office, Westerham.



# THE BIRTHPLACE OF WOLFE.

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## THE MAN.

AS more and more we come to realise what Wolfe's crowning achievement meant to the British Empire, so does our interest in this wonderful young soldier quicken, so do Englishmen far and near desire eagerly to learn more of the man and to cherish the surviving memorials of him.



James Wolfe.

*From an original unpublished miniature.*

He was scarcely more than a boy when he died on the distant Heights of Abraham. Yet what had he not achieved

in the course of his short life-time When he went to Scotland in charge of a regiment at twenty-two he was already a battered campaigner. He was beloved by his friends, and his affectionate submission to his parents was like his fixity in friendship, or his loyalty to the honour of arms. His care for his men in time of peace was a novelty in that age : he was called "The Soldier's Friend." Intrepid as was his unwillingness to waste them in action exceeded what some considered the legitimate humanity of a commander. On the other hand, he fought the enemy not only with courage but with animosity, as one who had offended and meant ill to England. And yet this great war-like genius was set in a frame so feeble that it was constantly a prey to sickness and depression. When hardly able to stand upon his feet, he plucked from repeated failure a "magnificent and heaven-storming courage" wherewith to win one of the most momentous battles of the world. Wolfe has been called the "Nelson of the Army." Rather should we call Nelson, his great compeer, who came after him, the Wolfe of the Navy.

Just as Burnham Thorpe, the Norfolk birthplace of Nelson, is honoured ; as the birthplace of England's greatest poet is regarded with reverence ; so should the little Kentish town where James Wolfe first saw the light on the 2nd of January, 1727, be held in national honour.

### **HIS NATIVE PLACE.**

In our fancy we can conjure up James Wolfe as he walked the long High-street of Westerham—little changed from of yore—not merely as boy, but as man. Tall, thin, straight as a poplar, with a keen, piercing blue eye, and a humorous mouth ; cool of bearing and deliberate of speech until he is roused and then the words cannot come quick enough, accompanying them by fierce and vehement gesture. In his social deportment he was always cheerful, alert and amiable.

Moreover, he was point-device in his dress: he patronised the best military tailor of the day : and as long as he wore wigs, which was up to within a year of his death, was most



Room where James Wolfe was born at Westerham, January 2, 1727.

particular as to their quality and the manner in which his valet took care of them.

This was the brilliant young soldier, Col. Wolfe, of Honey-



wood's Regiment (the 20th), "the best-trained regiment in England," whose military skill and science was prodigious, whose advice was constantly being asked by the highest authorities, from the Prince of Wales downwards, who although only thirty had already fought in seven campaigns. No wonder the townsmen of Westerham were proud of him or that great things were predicted of this ardent young officer! No one was therefore surprised when the Prime Minister, Pitt, selected him as Quarter-master General of



View near Squerries Park, Westerham.

the Rochefort Expedition, where he alone of all the high-placed men, emerged with any credit, or as Brigadier-General in the expedition against the great fortress of Louisburg the following year. Owing to his efforts Louisburg was taken, and then came Quebec, one of the greatest achievements in the history of warfare—a conquest which gave us our priceless possession of Canada and brought the victor who, like Nelson, fell in the hour of triumph, undying fame throughout all ages to come.



## WOLFE AND WESTERHAM.

In his heart Wolfe always cherished his birthplace. It was associated with nearly all the peace and tranquillity and freedom of his strenuous life; for soon after he bade adieu to the mansion where he spent the first twelve years of his boyhood he joined the Army and was, at an age when most boys nowadays are wrestling with Latin verbs and algebra, campaigning gallantly in Flanders. At sixteen he was a brigade-major.

He knew every lane and turning in Westerham. There was not a rood of ground between Brasted Chart and Limps-Common on the one hand and Knockholt and Tatsfield on the other that he had not tramped or ridden over as a boy. In the grounds of Squerryes Court he received his first commission when he was fifteen, and he shot pheasants and rode to bounds for the last time in the locality in November, 1758, but ten months before he laid down his life on the Heights of Quebec. In Westerham lived his best and oldest friends, John and George Warde, while a sister, Miss Fanny Warde, is known to have been the first object of his boyish affections.

## THE WOLFE FAMILY.

Wolfe's father was a colonel in the army that had fought under Marlborough. At thirty-eight he married Miss Henrietta Thompson, of an old Yorkshire family, and sister of Bradwardine Thompson, M.P. From York the elder Wolfe brought his bride to settle at Westerham. The house they came to was "Spiers" (now Quebec House), the last one in the village on the Maidstone road at the bottom of the hill, an antique, many-gabled brick mansion with two acres of garden. In 1726 it seemed in the highest degree unlikely that there would be any work for soldiers more bloody than drill and reviews for a long time to come. It was the era of Walpole and Peace. Doubtless the Colonel and his bride looked for-

ward to the sweets of retirement, and for a time at least their hopes were not disappointed. Young Mrs. Wolfe can hardly have failed to have been pleased with Westerham. The chosen home, rented from Thomas Ellison, steward of the manor, was just such an one as housewives dearly love, full of pantries, store-rooms and cupboards, with spacious attics and cellars, a wide hall and a broad staircase. Yet she may have breathed to her lord a wish that its situation had been at the top instead at the bottom of the hill. Soon after the Wolfes came, and the Colonel was absent momentarily with his regiment, the Colonel's lady paid a call on Mistress Lewis at the Vicarage—a fateful afternoon call, that robbed “Spiers” of the honour of being the birthplace of James Wolfe. Neither the Vicar nor his spouse would hear of Mrs. Wolfe being carried back to her own mansion, and that very night her eldest son was born. The old-fashioned bedstead even is extant, having passed into the hands of the second General George Warde. In a letter written to a friend in 1822, he says: “Among many things I have, originally his (Wolfe’s) I sleep constantly on the bed in which he was born.” Three weeks later he was christened at the Parish Church, and the entry in the parish register is still extant.

It must not be forgotten either that Thackeray, the great novelist visited Westerham to collect local colour for his novel of “The Virginians,” where he describes a visit which Harry Warrington and Colonel Lambert paid to “Spiers.”

“At Westerham,” says Thackeray, “the two friends were welcomed by their hosts, a stately matron, an old soldier, whose recollections and services were of five and forty years back, and the son of this gentleman and lady, the Lieutenant-Colonel of Kingsley’s regiment, that was then stationed at Maidstone from whence the Colonel had come over on a brief visit to his parents. Harry looked with some curiosity at this officer, who young as he was, had seen so much service and obtained a character so high. There was little of the

beautiful in his face. He was very lean and very pale ; his hair was red, his nose and cheekbones were high ; but he had a fine courtesy towards his elders, a cordial greeting



Quebec House Westerham.

(By permission of the proprietors of "The Sphere.")

towards his friends and an animation in conversation which caused those who heard him to forget, even to admire, his homely looks.'

"If," Wolfe's biographer has written, "there was anything abnormal about James Wolfe, it was the ardour of his patriotism, the loftiness of his ideals, his truly marvellous professional aptitude and not in the conformation or disposition of his features. His profile was scarce more uncommon than Pitt's or Mr. Chamberlain's and viewed not in profile his countenance, so far from being 'unprepossessing' was singularly pleasing. In fact, there was no reason why every



Hall of Quebec House, Westerham.

schoolboy in the Empire or in America should not be able to conjure up for himself James Wolfe in his habit as he lived. Authentic documents are now sufficiently abundant."

It was in the hall of Quebec House that there took place that ever delightful conversation between the old veteran, his lady, Colonel Lambert, James Wolfe and Harry Warrington. "Mr. Warrington was going to Tonbridge. Their James

would bear him company, the lady of the house said, and whispered something to Colonel Lambert at supper, which occasioned smiles and a knowing wink or two from that officer. He called for wine and toasted 'Miss Lowther.' 'With all my heart,' cried the enthusiastic Colonel James, and drained his glass to the very last drop. Mamma whispered her friend how James and the lady were going to make



Henrietta Wolfe.

*(By permission of the proprietors of "The Sphere.")*

a match, and how she came of the famous Lowther family of the North.

'If she was the daughter of King Charlemagne,' cries Lambert, 'she is not too good for James Wolfe, or for his mother's son.'



‘Oh, of course she is a priceless pearl, and you are nothing,’ cries mamma. ‘No, I am of Colonel Lambert’s opinion; and if she brought all Cumberland to you for a jointure, I should say it was my James’s due. That is the way with ’em, Mr. Warrington, we tend our children through fevers and measles, and whooping-cough, and small-pox; we send them to the army, and can’t sleep for thinking; we break our hearts at parting with ’em, and only have them at home for a week or two in the year, or may be ten years, and after all our care there comes a lass with a pair of bright eyes, and away goes our boy and never cares a fig for us afterwards.’

‘And pray, my dear, how did you come to marry James’s papa?’ said the elder Colonel Wolfe. ‘And why didn’t you stay at home with your parents?’

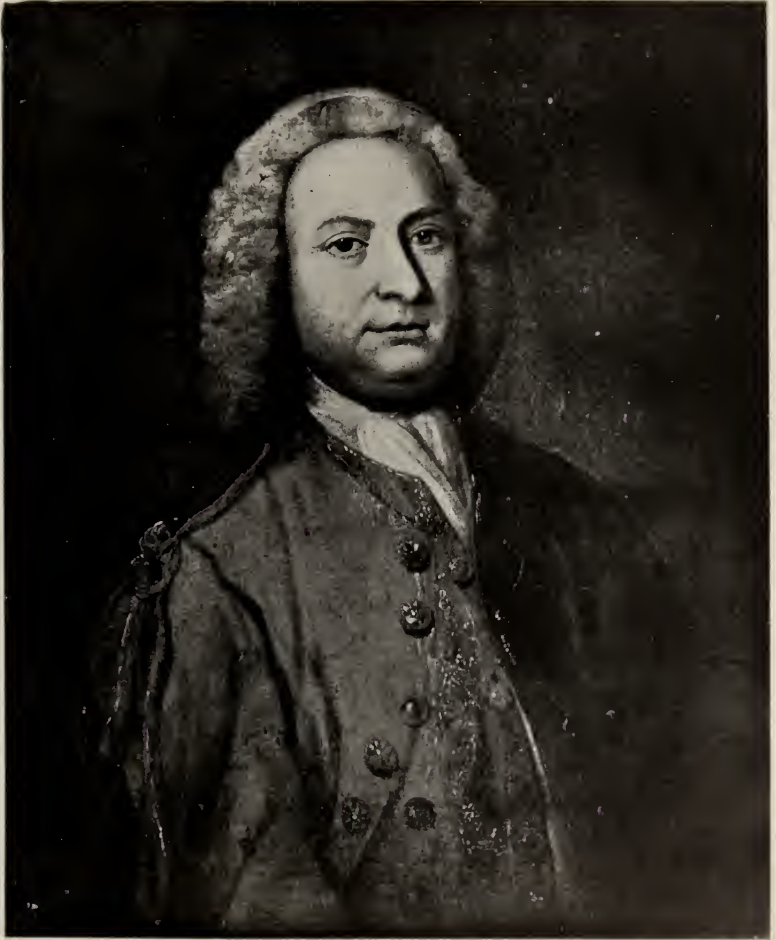
‘Because James’s papa was gouty and wanted somebody to take care of him I suppose; not because I liked him a bit,’ answered the lady; and so with much easy talk and kindness the evening passed away.”

Some years ago when Quebec House was undergoing restoration, behind a modern wall of lath and canvas there came to light an ancient stone fireplace with a fine example of the arms of Henry VII. greatly mutilated, carved on the wooden mantel overhead. This woeful mutilation, clearly wrought with knife or chisel may easily have been the exploit of a couple of schoolboys who had some previous practice on class-room desks.

### WOLFE’S CHILDHOOD.

An admirable housekeeper of the old-fashioned thorough kind, with all the contemporary domestic and culinary arts at her finger tips was Mrs. Wolfe. A tall, fresh, comely serious-minded woman, brought up in the somewhat rigid Yorkshire way, with little sentiment save her love for her children and her ambition on their account. Strict economy was practised at Spiers, for the pay of the Colonel was

little enough and her own jointure small. Her household-book, still extant, is full of receipts for inexpensive dishes



Lieut.-General Edward Wolfe.

*From the portrait by Thornhill in the possession of Beckles Willson, Esq., Quebec House.  
(By courtesy of William Heinemann).*

and cures for various ailments. Both her boys were of sickly frame and needed constant care. They were taught to ride



by their father, who insisted on having new stables built for his horses, while his eldest son's passion for dogs has passed into a proverb. When he was only ten he kept six of various breeds, and the tradition runs that when he walked abroad, the cry would go up in the village "Mind the cats and children! Here comes Master Jemmy and his troop!" Wolfe went to school to Edward Lawrence whose school-house stood on the borders of Farleigh Common just north of the present "General Wolfe" inn. The bell which used to toll the scholars in to their tasks is still intact. Like the heroine of "Mary had a little lamb," Jemmy on more than one occasion is said to have got into difficulties at school, and



The "General Wolfe" Inn.

the story is told by the descendant of his old nurse, Betty Hooper, that on one occasion a burly pointer set up such a howling outside the class-room window, refusing to go away, that lessons were impossible and Master Wolfe and his dog were sent home in disgrace for the day. Another story is told of the Colonel's son dancing at the village fair with the perruquier's pretty daughter, because her boyish swain the sexton's son, had left her disconsolate. The old Colonel coming upon them, so far from being vexed, told the boy

he had done the right thing. This Betty Hooper came to have two sons of her own who served under Wolfe, "Two of the finest men in the Army," as Wolfe wrote to his mother.

### **WESTERHAM AND THE VISITOR.**

Within easy reach of London is this charming little Kentish town, and yet but slightly changed since Wolfe's time. It is a place which every Englishman—every pilgrim to England—should visit. Although some miles distant from the main line of the South-Eastern & Chatham Railway (which is the secret of its old - world charm), a branch line makes it accessible and trains are very frequent. Nowadays, the "King's Arms," and the "George and Dragon," depend upon motor cars and bicycles to fill their yards than upon coaches and post-chaises. But the church where he was baptised is just as it was, the ancient houses of the gentry still embroider the skirts of the village green; the old mill hangs over the Long Pond as in Wolfe's day; the huntsmen still gallop through the High Street and lanes, and there is a Warde still at Squerryes Court, where scores of Wolfe's letters and his family portraits are preserved. Moreover Darenth stream flows along the same dingy sixteenth century dwellings in the "Parish Meade," and Squerryes Woods can still boast an almost Canadian solitude as when the Wolfe lads and George Warde roamed the countryside. But the chief shrines of the pilgrim besides the church are here to reward him, Quebec House and the Vicarage.

### **HOW TO REACH WESTERHAM.**

Westerham is easily reached from London, there being frequent trains from Charing Cross, Cannon Street or London Bridge Stations of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway. Cheap day tickets are issued on certain days specified, and altogether the railway shows itself alive to the future of Wolfe's birthplace as a national shrine.

It can also be reached by motor bus from Oxted, three and a half miles distant on L.B. & S.C. Railway.

## THE CHURCH.

The Church of St. Mary, Westerham, stands on a high ridge at the east end of the town, the first object in the landscape. The present structure only dates from the time of Henry III. The Parish Registers begin in 1559, and contain many curious sidelights on local history. Thomas Combes, afterwards Dean of Durham, was baptised here in 1645, while from 1670 to 1680 were baptised several children of Samuel Hoadley, afterwards successively Bishop of Bangor, of Salisbury, and of Winchester. Hither was carried the infant James Wolfe, "son of Colonel Edward Wolfe,



Westerham Parish Church from Costell's Fields.

born Jan. 11th, 1726," and later "Edward, son of Colonel Edward Wolfe, baptised Jan. 10th, 1728." From the age of three years James, it is recorded, sat in the high-backed pew allotted to "Spiers," the second on the right of the middle aisle from the pulpit. Mr. Lewis is said to have been an excellent preacher, and between the Vicar's lady and Mrs. Wolfe the most intimate relations subsisted. On Wolfe's visits to Westerham after he became famous in the Army he always sat with his friends in the squire's pew. In those days the King's Arms, painted in the reign of Edward VI.

and amongst the earliest examples of the kind extant, hung at the west end of the South aisle. They are still to be seen under the Tower. There was another in the north-west aisle bearing the date of 1662. In the church is buried the 2nd Earl of Jersey, who died at Squerryes in 1721. There are numerous interesting tablets, amongst the modern ones being a brass to General George Warde (died 1830) of Woodland Castle, Glamorganshire, brother to the "Father of Fox-

Wolfe	<sup>the General</sup> James son of Colonel Edward Wolfe	}	1726
	Bapt Jan'y 11 <sup>th</sup>		
Chart	John son of George Chart	}	1726
	Bapt Jan'y 12 <sup>th</sup>		
Stevens	Susan Daughter of John Stevens	}	1726
	Bapt Jan'y 27 <sup>th</sup>		
Coles	Elizabeth Daughter of George Cole	}	1726
	Bapt Feby 7 <sup>th</sup>		
Cole	James son of James Cole Butcher	}	1726
	Bapt Feby 17 <sup>th</sup>		
Hardbrough	Thomas son of Thomas Hardbrough	}	1726
	Bapt Feby 24 <sup>th</sup>		
Brooker	Elizabeth Daughter of Thomas Brooker	}	1726
	Bapt Feby 28 <sup>th</sup>		
Hubb	John son of Giles Hubb	}	1726
	Bapt March 1 <sup>st</sup>		
Eagles	Elizabeth Daughter of Elizabeth Eagles	}	1726
	base born Bapt March 1 <sup>st</sup>		
Bateman	William son of John Bateman	}	1726
	Bapt March 17 <sup>th</sup>		

Entry in Parish Register of James Wolfe's baptism.

Hunting" (who was born in Westerham), and grandfather to the present Lieutenant-Colonel Warde, of Squerryes; and to his wife Charlotte, daughter of the Bishop of Peterborough.

The inscription on a tablet erected to the memory of Henry John Gregory Warde, brother of the present owner of Squerryes, records how he fell in the treacherous massacre

of Cawnpore, in 1857, in the twentieth year of his young life, though not before he had become like his ancestors "a model soldier," whose "death was a great loss to his country."

In 1882-3 at a cost of some £6,000 the Church was restored, the roof being uncovered and renewed and many beautiful gifts being added which give it an especially well cared for appearance. In 1854 the high-backed pews were abolished, as was also a fine old "three-decker" pulpit. In 1871 the organ, a fine instrument by Lewis, was erected at a cost of £800, by Colonel George Warde in memory of his father, Admiral Warde, and in 1882 Lady Harriet Warde and other members of the Warde family gave the handsome mosaic reredos in memory of Colonel George Warde. As far back as 1723 the large sum of £24 was paid for the bell and clapper, the carriage of which cost £3, as the churchwarden's records bear testimony. The present church bells, eight in number, were all recast about 1838 and in 1892 they were re-hung, the framework and fittings renewed, as a gift by Mrs. Griffith, a sister of Colonel Warde.

In the east window of the north aisle is a stained glass window by C. E. Kempe, erected in 1890 in memory of Admiral Charles Warde and Marianna, his wife, by their surviving children. The chancel window, by James Powell, was given in memory of T. E. Champion Streatfeild, the architect for the last restoration of the church.

The east window of the south aisle, by C. E. Kempe, was erected to the memory of Dr. Charles Robert Thompson.

On Nov. 7th, 1909, was unveiled a stained glass window to the memory of General Wolfe. Occasion was taken by the Vicar to have assembled in the church a detachment of local troops who listened to the stirring words from the pulpit on the life and example of the heroic figure who had spent his boyhood in this town, and regularly attended divine service in the same place of worship where all were then gathered. The subject of the Memorial Window is "The Nativity," executed by Messrs. Morris & Co., Merton Abbey,





Wolfe Memorial Window. Westerham Parish Church.

Surrey, who have successfully carried out the designs of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. The memorial is made especially to mark the association of Wolfe with the church, where for over a century there has been little to signalise the fact that a great world hero had first seen the light in this parish, and received the rites of the Church at the early age of three weeks. His glorious death is commemorated by a marble tablet over the doorway bearing this inscription :

“ While George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,  
And bid the artist grace the soldier dead ;  
We raise no sculptured trophy to thy name  
Brave youth ! the fairest in the list of fame.  
Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year,  
Struck with thy fall we shed a general tear ;  
With humble grief inscribe our artless stone  
And from thy matchless honours date our own.

*I DECUS I NOSTRUM.”*



Middle Aisle, Westerham Parish Church.

The “ *I decus, I nostrum* ” (Go, our ornament, go!) is taken from Virgil, but has puzzled many worthy persons, one of whom was overheard giving the assurance that they recorded the names of two contemporary churchwardens, John Decus and John Nostrum !





Parish Church Baptismal Font,  
at this font James Wolfe was christened.

On entering is seen the font where the future hero was baptised, January 11th, 1727.

In the vestry is an oil portrait of Wolfe, a replica of that by Schaak in the National Portrait Gallery.

A project is now on foot for a new lectern and altar railing, the latter from wood grown on the slopes of Abraham, to be presented by the citizens of Quebec to Westerham.



James Wolfe's ensign commission.

Other memorials are to Arthur Warde, Lieut-Colonel of Bengal Infantry, who died at Landour, East Indies; while the visitor's eye will be drawn to the effigies of a kneeling couple near the chancel. These are of Thomas Potter, of Well-street (died 1611), and his wife, Dame Elizabeth, widow of Sir John Rivers, Lord Mayor of London in 1573.

### SQUERRYES COURT.

This fine red brick mansion dates from 1686, replacing a former one possessed by John Evelyn's nephew, Sir William Leech. After being in the possession of the first and second Earls of Jersey, it was sold by the third Earl to John Warde, Esq., son of Sir John Warde, Lord Mayor of London in the reign of James II. The beautiful estate has since



Squerryes Court from the Lake. *(By permission of William Heinemann).*

remained in the Warde family, the third John Warde collecting most of the beautiful pictures which now adorn it. The fourth John Warde is still famous throughout England as the "Father of Fox-hunting." Wolfe's earliest and best friend was George, son of the first owner of Squerryes, and afterwards a general. These two lads were inseparable and together roamed the countryside. In 1741, one November day while James Wolfe was a visitor at Squerryes an ensign's

commission arrived for young Wolfe. He was then only fourteen years old. An imposing cenotaph still marks the place associated with this event. When General Wolfe sailed from England for the last time, in 1758, he wrote to his old playfellow then a major in the army :

“Dear Major,—If my father should die in my absence, I desire that you and Carleton will let my mother know that jointly with her you are empowered to transact my business, as the enclosed general letter of attorney sets forth ; and if you will assist her with your good counsel, I shall think of it with more satisfaction and acknowledge it with more gratitude than anything done to myself.”

On being appointed to the Quebec command Wolfe offered Warde a high place in the expedition. The latter became his executor, and later that of Wolfe's mother, who left him several Wolfe family portraits and all her son's letters in her possession. These letters, together with the Wolfe military commissions are still at Squerryes Court. What extraordinary letters they are ! What a period of martial activity they describe ! The first is dated 1741, the last just a few weeks before the boy general's death in September, 1759.

Little justice has been done to Wolfe as a letter-writer. He was master of an excellent style ; passages abound which are distinguished by a real eloquence. But these letters are something more than mere literary compositions. They reveal the very inner, deeper heart of the man ; the hopes and disappointments, his melancholy doubts, the high ambition which marked the youth and manhood of one of the bravest and clearest-headed Englishmen who ever drew a sword for his country and longed with a passionate longing to make her great. As the poet has noted,

Wolfe where'er he fought,  
Put so much of his heart into the act,  
That his example had a magnetic force,  
And all who were swift to follow whom all loved.

The letters at Squerryes have had, bye-the-bye, an odd history. Originally bequeathed by Mrs. Wolfe to her son's

dearest friend, George, afterwards General Warde, they descended to his nephew and namesake. In 1827 they were borrowed by a gentleman named Hampden Turner to lend to Southey, the poet, who proposed to write a "Life of Wolfe." How long Southey kept them in his possession is



Cenotaph to mark the spot in Squerryes Park where James Wolfe received his first commission. *(By courtesy of William Heinemann).*

not known, but the proposed Life was never written, and it is supposed the letters were returned to Hampden Turner who soon afterwards died. At his death the precious letters were, however, not forthcoming and their owner lost all trace of them for years. In 1858 a sale catalogue of the manuscripts of one Dawson Turner, Esq., of Yarmouth, reached



Admiral Warde, the father of the present lord of the manor. In this catalogue amongst other items the "military commissions of Lieut.-General Edward Wolfe, together with letters of the latter," were offered by the auctioneers to the public. The Admiral, naturally wrote at once to the executors, who very courteously withdrew the Wolfe papers from sale. Subsequently as *amende honorable*, they presented their rightful owner with various additional Wolfe Manuscripts collected by Dawson Turner, all of which for the last half a century have been safely deposited at Squerryes Court.

Like all geniuses, and unlike most soldiers, Wolfe was an intensely reflective and human person. Sometimes we see him in some fit of depression, as when he writes to his mother :

"Dear Madam,—The winter wears away, so do our years, and so does life itself ; and it matters little where a man passes his days and what station he fills, or whether he be great or considerable, but it imports him something to look to his manner of life. This day I am five-and-twenty years of age, and all that time is as nothing. When I am fifty (if it so happens) and look back, it will be the same ; and so on to the last hour. But it is worth a moment's consideration that one may be called away on a sudden, unguarded and unprepared ; and the oftener these thoughts are entertained, the less will be the dread or fear of death. You will judge by this sort of discourse that it is the dead of night when all is quiet and at rest, and one of those intervals wherein men think of what they really are, and what they really should be ; how much is expected, and how little performed. Our short duration here, and the doubts of hereafter, should awe and deter the most flagitious, if they reflected on them."

Again in another of the Squerryes Court letters he writes : "Few of my companions surpass me in common knowledge, but most of them in vice. This is a truth that I should blush to relate to one that had not all my confidence, lest

it be thought to proceed either from insolence or vanity; but I think you don't understand it so. I dread their habits and behaviour, and forced to an eternal watch upon myself, that I may avoid the very manner which I most condemn in them. Young men should have some object constantly in their aim, some shining character to direct them. 'Tis a disadvantage to be first at an imperfect age; either we become enamoured with ourselves, seeing nothing superior, or fall into the degree of our associates."

Such was his passion for his profession that, at an age when the young Englishman of to-day is thinking chiefly of cricket and golf, we find him writing to his mother: "If I did not profess the business myself, I should follow all the reviewing generals for the sake of seeing the troops. I know nothing more entertaining than a collection of well-looking men, uniformly clad, and performing their exercises with grace and order. I should go further, my curiosity would carry me to all parts of the world to be a spectator at these martial sights, and to see the various produce of different climates and the regulations of different armies. Fleets and fortifications, too, are objects that would attract me as strongly as architecture, painting and the gentler arts."

In Walpole's words, James Wolfe was "a young officer who had contracted reputation from his intelligence of discipline and from the perfection to which he brought his own regiment. He looked upon danger as the favourable moment that would call forth his talents."

At Squerryes is a portrait of James Wolfe painted at the time of his first commission to the army. This picture was once the property of Wolfe's mother. It shows us a decidedly good-looking youth of fifteen, with blue intelligent eyes, a nose with a Celtic "spring" in it, a resolute mouth and a chin which, though receding, was yet well-moulded. In this likeness his red hair is concealed by what was probably his first wig. At Quebec House is preserved also Thornhill's portrait of Wolfe's father.



### THE VICARAGE.

The building has undergone many alterations since Wolfe's day, but the front rooms of the old Jacobean building remain very much as they were. The room in which the hero was born is on the first floor, and facing the east side of the house. The back windows command a glorious prospect of lawn and garden, skirted by a winding tributary of the Darent.



The Vicarage, Westerham.

*(By courtesy of William Heinemann).*

Jane Austen, shows her familiarity with Westerham, and in "Pride and Prejudice" brings the Rev. Mr. William Collins to reside in the neighbourhood. Hither came Elizabeth Bennett, on a visit to the parsonage, a comfortable abode, bearing a description which tallies well with the Vicarage of to-day.

### THE GEORGE AND DRAGON INN.

This interesting old coaching inn was where the Wolfes set out for London, and where the General is reputed to have stayed on his last visit to Westerham in December 1758, as he had to post for Blackheath early the next morning, and would not give his friend, John Warde, any inconvenience by rousing him at daybreak. The claret jug used by Wolfe in his last campaign is in the possession of the proprietor.



The "George & Dragon," Hotel.

It is at the "George and Dragon" that the annual Wolfe Birthday dinner is held on the 2nd of January. This custom began in the year after the hero's death and after a long period of desuetude, when those who had known him in the flesh had passed the way of all flesh, it was recently revived, when the local gentry and tradesfolk foregather to drink in silence to "The Pious and Immortal Memory of James Wolfe."

## THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO WOLFE AT HIS BIRTHPLACE.

In July, 1909, not long before the celebration in London of the 150th Anniversary of the Conquest of Quebec (September, 1759), a committee was formed to procure funds for a national memorial to Westerham's hero. About the same

time sufficient was obtained by the Vicar for the purpose of erecting a stained-glass window to his memory in the Church. It was decided on the motion of Earl Roberts, who headed the larger movement, that the best form for the National Memorial to take would be a bronze statue on the Village Green. At the banquet on Wolfe Day the honorary treas., Sir Frederick Young, announced that a large part of the sum needed had been subscribed, and thereafter the success of the project seems assured. A statue of Wolfe,



Claret Jug used by General Wolfe in his last campaign.

the first in England, will duly be reared to attract pilgrims from far and near. Contributions to this end may be sent to the Vicar, Rev. Sydney Le Mesurier, The Vicarage, Westerham, or to Sir Frederick Young, Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

Of Westerham's local hero, a great soldier, Field-Marshal Sir George White, said at the recent Wolfe Banquet in London, that by his victory Wolfe became the founder of British Canada, and earned for himself undying fame. If the value of victory was to be appraised by its after effects,

the Battle of Quebec must always stand high on the roll of the decisive battles of the world. After a lapse of a century and a half we were waking up to the potentiality which that victory contained, not only with regard to Canada, herself, but also to the Mother Country and throughout the length and breadth of our world-wide Empire. When he studied the battle, its risks and its results, he became more and more convinced that to that hero, young



Parish Church from Quebec House.

in years, but old in experience, the acknowledgment and gratitude of the nation were almost entirely due. He read the story of that campaign, and of the battle which ended it, with a feeling almost akin to awe. He realised more and more the difficulties and the position in which the hero found himself. "But his indomitable spirit and sense of duty, his grandeur and loftiness of purpose carried him through triumphant."







